



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

From the Portland Magazine.

#### The Last of the House of York.

[Concluded.]

A DAY had passed, and our young adventuress was alone in Lord Stanley's tent with the din of battle raging in her ears, and a quivering, fearful uncertainty at her heart that threw a sickness like that of death over her. So near was she to the field of bloodshed, that with a distinctness that caused her blood to curdle about her heart, she could hear the whizzing of arrows as they flew from the bows of the archers on their errands of death. Amid the cracking of bow-strings and the clashing of spear-heads, she could, as the conflict thickened, distinguish the stifled groans and suppressed shrieks of the wounded and dying. Then came the clashing of swords against stout armor, and the sound of battle-axes ringing on yielding helmets, the yell of the dying steeds, mingled with the proud neigh of the unhurt horse, the playing of the trumpet and the hot-blooded men. Now and then the cry of Richmond and St. George would ring above the horrid din and again be stifled by fiercer sounds, and her heart quaked with fear—then, as the heat of the battle increased, she became accustomed to the noise, and listened intently for some token of Richmond's victory. Louder and fiercer grew the fight. With a strange wild feeling thrilling through her, she paced the ground with a quick tread. Then came a shout, a loud, wild, indistinct cry. There was victory—but on which side? She clasped her hands, and holding her breath bent forward to listen. Another—Richmond and St. George was shouted from ten thousand lungs warm from the battle of blood. Again the shout of 'Long live King Henry the seventh,' came forth in a flood of sounds as if the air were alive with joyful tongues, and thrilled through the quivering frame of the young girl. She leaped up, clapped her tiny hands like a mad thing, and her silvery shout joined in the glad cry of 'Long live King Henry the seventh.'

The morning had dawned and the sun shone brightly, when Clara the day after the victory, was picking her way homeward through the battle-field. Spear-heads and broken lances lay thick under the hoofs of her horse, and he frequently turned aside to avoid trampling on some of the dead bodies that lay in ghastly profusion over the plain. The feverish and unnatural excitement of the previous day had departed from the young girl's bosom with the first pure breath of morning, and she was again the shrinking trembling female. Sickened with the scene of horror that surrounded her, she closed her eyes and permitted her horse to make his way unguided. Suddenly he started back and Clara felt him trembling under her as if he had received a sudden blow; nor was she less agitated when the object of his fear met her eyes. With his feet entangled with those of a dead horse across which he had fallen, his chest raised up by its body, and his head hanging almost to the ground over its body, lay Richard the tyrant.

It was a horrid sight—the dead body of the usurper, with his armor hacked and broken about the breast, where a sword-wound had sent forth his heart's blood in such quantities, that a coagulated stream stained the white back of the horse, and had gathered on the ground under his head into a crimson pool. There it had thickened around the mass of long hair that flowed back from his naked forehead, and left his whole face without a shadow to conceal the distortions of a violent death. Clara shuddered as she gazed on the fierce expression of that savage face, with its eyes rolled back and stiffened in their sockets, the double teeth clenched and glistening in their horrid whiteness, as the agonies of death had left them. Richard's character might have been read on his dead features. It seemed as if his ruthless soul had stayed in its passage to leave its own stamp on the body.—Nor was the position of the limbs less characteristic of the man. The shrunk arm, as if to hide its deformity, had been crushed under him, while the right hand lay entangled in the mane of the dead beast, still clenching

his broken sword so tightly, that the blade projected upward from the bloody fingers that grasped it, catching the sunbeams that quivering along the shivered steel, flashed and blazed on the diamond hilt till it seemed like a brand flame glowing in the hand of a fallen spirit. The golden studs on his black armor were touched also by the sunlight and the corpse of the usurper seemed robed in a vestment of flame.—It was a glorious death-scene, too glorious for Richard. The splendid winding-sheet of a hero was cast over the form of a murderer. While Clara sat with her eyes fastened on the dead King—for though her heart quivered and shrank within her, she could not at once withdraw her appalled gaze—a party of Lancasterian soldiers drew towards the spot, and with a hoarse shout raised the dead monarch. Clara, as she turned away heard one of the soldiers in a tone of brutal triumph exclaim, 'this is the throne we give to the last King of the House of York.'

She turned her head. They had cast the body like a sack across a saddle horse.—She urged her steed onward, and when she arrived at the top of the eminence we have before described, they were just disappearing in the distance. She drew a long breath and repeated, 'The last of the House of York.'

It was in the evening of the second day after leaving the battle field, that Clara arrived at the forest where the first scene of our tale was acted; and on the skirts of which stood the humble residence of the old couple whom she had been taught to consider as her parents. She descended from her tired horse, and approached the low window to ascertain that the old couple were alone. The sight of a brisk fire, and the cheerful look of the old woman as she stooped to turn a cake that was baking on the hearth, brought all the dear feelings of home into the young girl's bosom. Tears of love stole into her blue eyes as she noticed the look of contented fondness that beamed over the face of the old man, who bending forward on his seat, rested his chin on the top of his oaken staff, and allowed his eyes to dwell on so much of

his wife's features as her hood of grey cloth did not conceal. Clara forgot her fatigue—dress, every thing. She was near those she loved, and who loved her. With a light heart she opened the door of the dwelling and stood before the startled inmates, exclaiming 'Right glad am I to see the promise of a supper, for in sooth this day of fast has well nigh famished me.'

The old woman turned quickly as the sweet sound of that familiar voice met her ear. Her arms were extended and withdrawn in surprise and disappointment, when a seeming boy stepped forward to fill them. In a tone slightly angry, she said, 'the hungry never asked food at our door in vain, but in truth, young sir, a little more courtesy would not ill befit thy years.'

Clara with a silvery laugh stepped forward so that the light from an iron lamp, suspended against the rough, stone chimney, streamed upon her as she raised the plumed cap from her head, and shook the abundant curls thus let loose over her shoulders. 'Nay, my good mother,' she said in a voice still rich with laughter, 'it was not thus you formerly chid my call for bread.'

She had not breath to say more, the old woman's arms clasped her so tightly, and warm kisses almost stifled her. 'Clara, my darling, is it thou,' she said after a moment, holding the girl out at arms' length, a half laugh struggling with a frown on her face, as she examined the masculine dress of the girl; 'but what is the meaning of this male gear,' she added, 'masking is unseemingly in one so young.'

'I will tell you all, mother,' answered Clara, 'but first some food, I have not tasted bread since morning.'

Compassion instantly overcame curiosity in old Alice. She placed a slice of venison on the hot coals in the fire-place, drew forth a round stool with its furniture of wooden trenchers, and, in short, a good meal was in speedy preparation. Meanwhile Clara drew a block of hewn wood to the feet of the old man, and raised her red lips to meet the kind kiss he bent down to give her, then throwing her hand over his knee, she proceeded to relate to the astonished couple all that had passed at the castle since the visit of Richard, together with the particulars of her journey. By the time she had finished, the venison was cooked and the bread broken, to which our young adventuress betook herself with an appetite that rendered food delicious, and finished with a draught of strong ale, for that was the lady's beverage of the age. When again seated at the feet of the old man, Alice with some seeming hesitation informed her, that three days before, she had been summoned to the presence of the Queen Dowager, who questioned her very

closely with regard to her (Clara's) age and parentage. She was about to proceed in describing what passed, when Clara turned suddenly round on her seat so as to face the narrator, and with a flushed face exclaimed, 'She questioned you of my birth, say you?—And what was the answer, child?' was the slightly tremulous reply, 'what should it be but that thou wert my own child? But why dost thou thus question me?'

Clara made no reply, but turning slowly round, she placed her elbow on the old man's knee, and rested her forehead on her little palm. The old man laid his hand caressingly on her head, and cast a look of pity on the troubled features of his wife.—For a minute there was a dead silence in the room; then Clara arose very pale, and with the expression about her eyes of one who has made a painful resolve, she laid her hand on Alice's shoulder, and bending over her as she sat, so as to bring her face close to hers, she said in tone she tried to render kind, 'It was not truth, nevertheless, that you told the Queen, I am not your child.'

Alice drew back with a start that shook the young girl's hand from her shoulder, and looked into her face with beseeching earnestness. Her lips moved, but she did not speak—emotion choked her. Clara's heart smote her as she saw that quivering lip and look of deprecating tenderness.—She sunk gently on her knees, and clasping her hands over the old woman's neck, drew her face down and kissed its wrinkled cheek. 'Forgive me, oh forgive me,' she sobbed, 'I meant not thus to distress you, my kind, my best friend.'

The old woman's head fell on Clara's shoulder, and her frame shook with a passionate burst of tears. Thus relieved, she raised her head, and parting with trembling fingers the curls from the forehead of the kneeling girl, looked mournfully into her eyes and said, 'Who told thee my child that thou hadst other parentage than ours?'

'I will tell you all, I think,' said Clara, 'all I know; it seems like a dread—every thing but that one scene. I have no recollection of any thing before—and since, it seems as if I had gone into a sudden sleep, and opened my eyes in this room, with the forest trees about me, and your dear face all ways by. But that one scene, that is before me as distinct as the objects about me now. It was a large room like one at the castle—there was tapestry on the walls from which figures of men and woman seemed gazing at me, there was a high, square bed, with hangings that rustled as I touched them, and on that bed she lay, pale and beautiful as marble—she was dead—you told me so, you—but your face was younger then. I would have laid my hand on her dark hair, parted back

so smoothly, but you prevented me.—I cried and struggled in your arms till the rings on my mother's cold hand attracted my notice; how beautiful they looked flashing like fire on those white hands. I cried louder, and my heart seemed bursting, when one in the room stripped them off her stiffened fingers. You took me in your lap, laid my head on your bosom and hushed me to silence, and all the time big tears were streaming down your cheeks as they do now; my hair was wet with them; then you held me over the beautiful dead and told me to kiss my mother—my mother, I am sure it was that—I did kiss her, but shrieked with fright and clung to your bosom, for there was a fearful chill met my lips. Then you took me hence, and I remember no more. It remains in my memory like a bud from a bright wreath, still blooming, but never united to its fellows; yet are not the scenes of yesterday more vividly pictured in my mind than that of which I have spoken. That sweet face in its dead, pale loveliness visits me like a kind spirit in my dreams; and that word mother, uttered as it was in a low stifled voice, has been to me a sound of perpetual music. I have loved to think on that form, to repeat that word alone at twilight among the rustling old oaks. I have never mentioned these thoughts before; they seemed to me as beautiful fragments of an earlier and more splendid world—like sweet music buried in my heart, which would be hushed if spoken of. I have ever loved you and your husband with all the affection of a child, but when you mentioned my parentage—said that the Queen had questioned you, aye before—when I heard her promise so basely to Dorset, the present seemed connected with the past. I knew that I owed not life, though every thing else to you—nay, do not weep thus convulsively, Alice—mother, dear mother—but tell me, am I not right in all this?—am I not the child of another?'

'Thou art, thou art,' almost shrieked the poor woman, snatching the poor girl to her bosom, and holding her there as if she feared the confession would separate them forever—'Thou art the child of another, but question me no further; the time will come when I may tell thee all, but not now.'

After a moment she released the agitated Clara, fell back into her seat, and pressing her withered hands over her eyes, murmured, 'Alas, alas, that the young falcon would content itself to perch with the kite.'

In one of the Royal Palaces in London the Queen Dowager and her household had been two days waiting the coming of the King. The day that Clara left the Castle, the Queen secure in the success of her dishonorable plans and foolishly certain of the overthrow of Richmond, informed her dismayed daugh-



ter of her determination to unite her to her uncle. The poor princess, fearful of her mother's violent temper after the first burst of indignation and sorrow, remained in a state of pitiable despair not daring to anticipate the victory of Richmond and knowing that his overthrow would be her certain ruin. Her excessive joy was in proportion to her former sufferings, when tidings of the death of the tyrant and the exaltation of Richmond reached the castle.—Great as was the happiness of the princess, the dismay of her mother surpassed it, till on inquiry she ascertained that Stanley had fought for Richmond and consequently she supposed that her message must have failed to reach him, and that her want of faith was unknown to the new King. In order to do away with all suspicion in his mind, if any rested there, she resolved to depart instantly for London, that she might be in readiness to receive the young monarch. A messenger was sent to command the attendance of Clara who by the advice of Alice had remained at her dwelling, and now in her own apparel was ready to obey the summons of the Queen, and to return to the castle, as if she had only been on a visit to her home in the forest.

The Queen, as we have said, had taken up her residence in one of the Royal Palaces; and in an apartment whose windows opened to one of the principal streets, she listened with nervous impatience to the distant shouts of the multitude that had gone forth to escort the young monarch into the city. Dorset had ridden forth with a party of young noblemen, and though numerous attendants were seen in an adjoining ante-room passing to and fro, and crowding the windows with happy faces, the apartment we have mentioned was occupied only by the Queen, her daughter, and our young favorite Clara. The former, with restless action was pacing the room, her train of rich velvet sweeping after her and disturbing the fresh rushes that covered the floor, her large, white arms folded over her bosom, and the quick working of her fingers bespeaking her inward agitation. Now and then she would pause near the door of the outer room, give some short, quick command, or stop near a window listening for a moment to the coming cavalcade, and casting impatient glances into the street below.

The Princess, as if fearful that her evident happiness would call forth a reprimand from her mother, had retired to a seat in the most remote corner of the room, and with her silken lashes drooping over her eyes and veiling the exultation that reveled in their blue depths, was clasping and unclasping the emerald bracelets that circled her slender wrist, in that restless delight which must display itself in motion, and which it was impossible for her entirely to control.

Clara, stationed by the Queen's command in the recess of a window with a basket of red and white roses, ready to be scattered over the new monarch stood eyeing the movements and evident uneasiness of the Queen with a mischievous smile of pleasure playing about her mouth, and a half roguish, half contemptuous expression in her eyes that would have excited the haughty woman to phrenzy, had she known the cause.

Gradually the joyful sounds of the multitude neared the palace. The tramp of a thousand hoofs smote confusedly upon the ear; now and then broken by the playing of numerous trumpets, and the descending shouts of the people. At length the cavalcade was passing the palace. A glad, loud shout rose from the populace on the pavement, and was echoed by those on the house-tops as if all England were rejoicing with one mighty voice. With uncontrollable action the Princess sprang up and advanced a few paces.—The Queen rushed to the window, exclaiming, 'Elizabeth, come hither quickly, and shower roses on thy future husband.'

'No, no, mother,' said the sensitive girl shrinking back, 'it would not be maidenly in me thus to court his notice.'

'Weak fool,' said the Queen with a glance of fury—but she had not time to say more, the chariot of the King was passing. Grasping a handful of flowers which Clara still held, she dashed open the casement and threw them out; then leaning forward to see if they had reached their destination, she encountered the reproving look of Dorset, who was one of the horsemen that surrounded the King, and to her mortification saw the roses she had showered down fall on the top of Henry's close chariot, which, in the selfish reserve of his disposition, was so constructed as entirely to conceal his person. The proud blood of the Queen rushed to her face, as she drew back and dashed the remaining flowers from Clara's hand, and trampled them with her feet, exclaiming fiercely, 'Fool, contemptible fool that I was, thus to demean myself to that base slip of Lancaster.'

Surprised and affrighted, Elizabeth inquired the cause of her mother's anger; but pushing her aside, the queen muttered something which she did not hear, and left the room.

Several months had passed, and Henry, though oppressed with the cares of his new station, found time to pay frequent visits to his betrothed, and to confer such attentions as he thought more than sufficient to secure and compensate for the affections of a young creature whom it was his interest to marry, and who already considered him as her husband. To his natural attractions—and if he chose to exert them he had many—he added that of a preserver to Elizabeth; she looked

upon him as one who had saved her from a fate worse than death, and she soon loved him with all the force of her gentle heart. Yet was she not happy, for notwithstanding Henry's manner toward her was universally polite, and sometimes he even evinced a degree of tenderness, she could not help marking an appearance of dislike to the company of her mother and of coldness to her half-brother Dorset, which she could not account for. Then came the coronation of the King which she should in justice have shared: and finally the poor girl had the mortification of knowing that Henry had only been induced to hasten their marriage by the solicitation of Parliament.

Still all these humiliating subjects of reflection were not sufficient to destroy the happiness of the day when it arrived. It was not the proud blood of York that sprang into her cheeks and died away so beautiful, but the blush of a heart ashamed of its own quick pulsations. If there was little of the future queen in her child-like timidity of manner, as she stood in her dressing-room waiting to be robed, there was much of the lovely, modest maiden, shrinking from the merry glances of her waiting women, as if fearful that they should guess at her excessive happiness. The queen entered to preside at the toilette of her daughter. At her command, Clara invested the blushing princess in the bridal robe of rose-colored velvet, with its border embroidered with seed pearls, each of which her own slender fingers had inserted. The exulting mother directed Clara how to clasp the jeweled girdle so that the shining folds might flow in free drapery from the slender waist, pointed out the upper part of the wrist where the graceful fulness of the arm commences, as best calculated to display the magnificent bracelet, and with her own hands laced the embroidered slipper on the slender foot, clasped the necklace of brilliants, and placed on the head of the bride a wreath blending the colors of the two houses about to be united, in small roses formed of precious stones. Pure, white diamonds represented the flowers of York, the smaller stones clustering in the heart of the flower, gradually increasing in size and taking the appearance of petals.—The red ones were formed of rubies set in the same manner, and the whole was relieved by leaves of large emeralds. Nothing could have been more superbly beautiful than this appropriate chaplet of gems, with the light from a neighboring windows streaming over them and drawing forth their prismatic fires, till all the hues of the rainbow quivered about her head and shed a mellow beauty over her features. No dress could have been more judicious than that of the princess. Henry, when she appeared before him, could not be otherwise than

proud of her beauty, and flattered by the delicate compliment she had paid him, in allowing no color but his own to mingle with her bridal white. For a moment his heart forgot its exclusive selfishness and as they stood before the holy altar with the collected splendor of a great nation around them, he remembered not that he was a king or any thing, but a man, beloved by the beautiful being who knelt at his side, whispering forth her almost inaudible vows of constancy and love. When he turned from the altar with the little hand of his bride quivering 'like a live bird in his,' there was not one present who would not have sworn that Henry the Seventh loved and would ever love the confiding young creature by his side—none would have supposed that jealousy of her family could extend to her. But so it was; for even while standing by the altar, distrust was working within him. He had noticed that in the splendid tiara gleaming on the brow of his bride, there were more of white than red roses. Without reflecting that in this she obeyed the dictates of a pure taste, his brow became clouded, and the animation that had lighted his handsome features died away. Just then the ringing of bells announced to the people without that the ceremony was over, and in the shout that followed, Henry fancied that the name of his young queen was repeated oftener and louder than his own. Elizabeth felt her hand lie loosely in her husband's—she looked up, and her happiness was chilled—his face was turned from her.

As if to display his utter detestation of the family with which he had found it his interest to unite himself, Henry, directly after his marriage, imprisoned such of its partizans as had in any way exposed themselves to his displeasure. By so doing, he most unjustly gratified his revenge, and his master passion, avarice; for the estates of the attainted Lords helped to swell the revenues of the crown. Even his young queen's half brother, Dorset, did not escape the common fate of the Yorkists. Suddenly he was arrested on a charge of treason, and confined in the tower. Clara was with her young mistress when this startling intelligence reached her, astounding as were the facts, Clara's was not a disposition to yield supinely to difficulties. On the contrary, troubles that would have crushed a common mind, only served to rouse the energies that, till within a few months, had slumbered untried in her bosom. Leaving the fainting Elizabeth to the care of her attendants, she with a fearless determination that astonished even herself, sought an interview with the king. She was known as Elizabeth's attendant, and consequently found no difficulty in gaining admission to the closet where he spent most of his time

that was unoccupied by the active duties of his station. Without allowing the attendant in the anteroom time to announce her, she opened the door with her own hands and admitted herself to the presence of Henry, who looked up with surprise from the paper he was reading; but supposing she came with some message from his wife, he motioned her to remain, and again occupied himself with the petition. His cold composure and the silent of the room, checked the enthusiasm of the poor girl, who shrunk from before him till his high chair almost concealed her and awaited his further notice. It was several minutes before the king finished reading; then he folded the paper and placing it on a pile with others that lay on a table at his elbow, turned in his chair and demanded of the trembling and half weeping girl, what business had brought her to his closet. Poor Clara who ten minutes before could have overwhelmed the king with eloquence, was now unable to utter a syllable. She knelt before him and with trembling fingers held up the ring he had given her on the battle field. Henry took the ring and examined it attentively—then, fixing his eyes on the flushing countenance of the kneeling girl he said in a stern voice, 'This ring was given to a boy, a young page, who had done us a service—how came it in thy possession: has the varlet dared to pass off our gift as a love token?'

'Not so,' said the terrified girl unconsciously clasping her hands on the king's knee, 'it was I—I myself to whom you gave it. I was the seeming page who took that bold journey to save my mistress from ruin.'

Ha! that face is the same it is a wonder that we did not guess this—but did she, our Queen, know?—was it at her suggestion, that thou didst peril thyself in our cause?—then checking himself he muttered, 'we are beside ourselves to suppose so much spirit in the weak thing.'

Even Henry the most reserved and phlegmatic of human beings was excited to admiration by the burst of eloquence his unfeeling expression of contempt had called forth from the young suppliant. In the rich language of a grateful heart she dwelt on the excellences of her mistress, on her beauty, the purity and gentle qualities of her heart, on her enduring fortitude and meek affectionate nature—in short her rapid speech gave Henry a better insight into the character of his wife than would have been yielded by years of intercourse between two persons, the one so reserved and the other so timid, surrounded as they were by the formalities of a court. Henry's interest was excited, his cold heart and dormant admiration awakened. These were gallantry in his manner when he raised Clara from her kneeling posture, and even

retained her hand in his longer than was absolutely necessary for the purpose. Closely yet politely, he questioned her till he learned all she had to communicate. She told him of the attachment that existed between herself and Dorset, whose liberations he entreated—the deceit and cunning of the queen dowager in the half promise she had made, and of what Alice had said with regard to her birth—all of which Henry listened to with deep interest, and then dismissed her, after the uncommon courtesy (in him) of leading her to the door. As soon as she had passed the anteroom, Henry called an attendant and ordered him to depart immediately for the domain of the dowager Queen, and to conduct old Alice to London. Another was dispatched with an order for release of the Marquis of Dorset.

The second day after Clara's interview with the king, he and the dowager met in the apartment of the young Queen, whose sweet features glowed with delight, for her husband had met her with a greater appearance of tenderness than she had ever before noticed. Timidly she ventured to follow him to the seat he had taken and to express her gratitude for the clemency to her half brother. Henry was not capable of appreciating the happiness he conferred when he drew her gently forward and pressed his lips to the little hand she had unconsciously extended. The Dowager, who was not particularly partial to the society of her son-in-law, was about to withdraw, when, for the first time since his entrance, he addressed her. 'Stay madam,' he said, 'we shall have some business anon, that will require your presence.' Reluctantly and with a frowning brow the haughty woman returned to her seat. Soon after, Dorset and Clara entered the apartment, by opposite doors.

The dowager instantly guessed something of the nature of the business referred to. She cast an angry glance at her son, who having had no opportunity of conversing with Clara since his liberation, was consequently ignorant of all that had passed, and naturally supposed himself summoned to answer to the charge on which he had been imprisoned.

The king left the side of his wife, and addressed the dowager. 'Madam, we are informed that your consent to the union of these young persons is withheld on account of the low birth of the maiden—is this your only objection?'

A haughty bow was the reply.

'We are glad to hear it, as it is one that can be easily dispensed with.'

'Not by letters patent my lord—it is noble birth, not conferred nobility I require,' said the dowager hastily.

'And nobly born we are informed she is, though yet we have not learned her family,'



said the king, stepping to the door and giving some whispered command to an attendant, who went out and in a few moments returned with old Alice.

'If that is your witness,' said the dowager, 'I have already questioned her more than once, or Dorset had never received even conditional promise of mine.'

'Our questioning may be more successful,' said the king, with a calm smile, and turning to Alice, he demanded if Clara was her child.

'She is not,'—was the firm reply.

'Not thine!' almost shouted the enraged dowager, while Dorset and Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of delight. 'Not thine, traitress! whose is she then?'

Alice fixed her eyes steadily on the enraged features of the questioner as she answered, 'Her mother was known as the Lady Eleanor Talbot.'

The ashy paleness of the dowager's features was appalling. She glanced a startled quick look on the surrounded group, and her voice did not rise above a whisper as she said, 'Her father, who was he?'

'Your husband,' was the still calm reply.

If possible the dowager queen's features grew more deadly pale, and she sallied back as if stricken with a fierce blow. Henry's face was like that of a corpse and the whole group stood white and motionless in the dim light emitted through the windows appearing more like a collection of statues grouped together in the center of the apartment than living beings. The dowager was the first to recover herself—grasping the astonished Clara by the arm, she dragged her to a window, and tossing back the hair from her forehead, pored intently over her features. 'It may be so,' she said in a hoarse whisper, 'It may be, but then she is illegitimate?' and with a smile of insolent triumph, she tapped the burning cheek she had been scrutinizing. Exasperated at this insult to her foster child, Alice rushed forward and tore her from the dowager's grasp; and the honest indignation laboring in her features, was ennobling as she retorted. 'Had her mother lived but one hour longer, thy own children had indeed been so. Eleanor Talbot was the wife of Edward the fourth.'

The mighty anger of the dowager choked her utterance, 'the proof! the proof!' she hissed forth.

'Is here'—said Alice, taking a packet from her bosom, and bending her knee, she placed it in the hands of the king. 'They were wedded by the Bishop of Bath, who is since dead. I was the only witness.'

Henry, scarcely less agitated than his mother-in-law, took the papers, and read them through. 'The evidence of the marriage is conclusive,' he said, 'but the child—

how are we to be certain that this is Lady Eleanor's child?'

'I was present at her birth,' said Alice, 'and there are other proofs, if necessary.'

'When and where did the Lady Eleanor die?' inquired the king.

'Even on the day that king Edward married that woman, while he was swearing constancy to one wife the heart that he had broken stopped its pulsations. Here she died, in this very palace, in this room.—Forsaken by her husband, she had pined and sickened in this, her solitude. Day by day I saw her, still she lived on her broken-heartedness for her child's sake. My child the world thought it. For it she struggled with anguish and bore up against neglect.'

Alone all the day long would she sit with the hot tears pouring over the sweet babe, the babe she dared not call her own, yet she lived. At length a rumor reached her that her husband was about to wed another. I thought it would have killed her, but it did not. She gathered up her strength, and went to the Bishop of Bath. On her knees she besought him to give her written proof of her marriage with Edward. He gave those in your highness' possession. Straightway she, a few attendants, myself and the little Clara came up to London, to this palace where she had first seen the king. It was her intention to seek an interview with him, though for what object she did not inform me. This palace was then only occasionally occupied by Edward, and in this room we waited the return of the messenger Lady Eleanor had sent to him. A slight noise drew her to the window. I followed leading the little Clara. In the street below, an open chariot had been checked in its progress. In it was Edward and a lady of splendid beauty—but how unlike the dove-like loveliness of my poor mistress. Edward was addressing the lady; and the same bright smile was on his lips that had wrought such wretchedness to the Lady Eleanor.—He raised the fair hand of his companion to his lips, and we could even hear his gay laugh.' I looked on the Lady Eleanor—her face was turned from me, but the blue veins on her neck were working and swelling fearfully. In an instant she staggered back, and I caught her in my arms. Her face was like marble, and drops of blood were oozing from her pale lips. As I bore her from the window, I again heard the gay laughter of the king and his companion.—Lady Eleanor too heard it, opened her eyes, and closed them again with a shudder. She revived a little, soon after, and made me swear to rear the child as my own; and unless it was absolutely necessary to her happiness, never to inform her of her parentage. I swore solemnly she should never claim her birth-

right. That night, it has been since known, Edward was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey. I know not how he received the news of Lady Eleanor's death, but his child he supposed dead also.'

During Alice's narrative, the king had been traversing the apartment with a troubled brow, but his mother-in-law had regained her tranquillity. Materials for a new web of intrigue had been presented, and she was busily weaving them in her mind. Clara was in truth the heir to the throne. Wedded to Dorset, his claims would supercede Henry's. 'I am content,' she said suddenly breaking silence, 'I am contented that they should be united.'

Henry read her thoughts, and with a smile of scorn turned to secure the proofs of Lady Eleanor's marriage, but Alice had repossessed herself of them. The dowager noticed it, and reached forth her hand, demanded them. Before Henry could speak, to prevent her gaining possession of what would have been his ruin, Alice had torn the documents into a thousand pieces, and cast the fragments out of the casement. Henry's eyes sparkled with delight, but the baffled dowager was mad with rage.

Alice, unmindful of either, approached Clara, and commanded her to kneel, and swear on the cross which had been her mother's never to attempt to claim her birth-right. Clara pressed the curiously wrought golden cross to her lips, and took the oath. Dorset, as her future husband, knelt by her side, and joined voluntarily in it.

'In return for this sacrifice,' said Henry, 'Clara may claim of me the title of countess, and the estates which were her mother's.'

'And think you,' said the dowager, 'that I will permit this? The betrothed of my son is a king's daughter, and such will I proclaim her.'

And who will believe it? said Henry, 'the proofs are destroyed.'

'Then,' answered she furiously, 'I withdraw my consent to the union.'

'Ha, say you so,' cried Henry, and bending to her ear, he whispered a few words.—She turned deadly pale, when he drew forth a package of papers, and held them before her. Clara knew them to be the dispatches she had given him at the camp.

'Have we your consent to the immediate union of these persons?' said Henry, sternly tapping the papers with his finger.

To the surprise of every one present except Clara, the queen dowager bowed her assent.\*

\* It was asserted that before espousing the Lady Elizabeth Grey, Edward paid court to Lady Eleanor Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and being repulsed, by the virtue of that lady, he was obliged, e'er he could obtain her, to consent to a private marriage, without any witnesses, by Stillington, Bishop of Bath, who afterwards divulged the secret.—*Sir Thomas More.*

## MISCELLANY.

From the Baltimore Journal.

**The Old Tin Kitchen and Cracked Dish.**

A THANKSGIVING TALE.

THERE are seasons of economy when the wisest, sometimes, step over the saddle in mounting. The parsimonious old bachelor may know less of these freaks of minor traffic, but the young married couple rarely pass the honey moon without some evidence that there is more show than utility in some of their economical purchases. It would be well if all would preserve the first worthless article they purchase after entering the married state, as a restraining memento through life.

Years have rolled away since Simon Oldschool's marriage. He and his beloved Jemima had put their little gettings together—and the round stand presented, when fitted out for the breakfast or dinner a very decent set of crockery but scarcely any thing superfluous. One day, however, the goose was a little too large for the dish, and Jemima thought she would remedy the evil in future, if she could economically.

Now in studying matters of economy it is well known how much more satisfaction it is to show our best friend what we have done than to disclose beforehand schemes which circumstances may prevent maturing. Such was the feeling of Jemima when she went out, dressed for shopping; and the anticipated gratification of displaying a good bargain, kept her silent on the object of her visit to the crockery store.

Mr. Pipeclay was very assiduous in displaying his wares to Jemima, as she stood by the counter. 'What is the price of this large blue dish, sir?'

'Only nine shillings, marm, and a fine article it is too. Shall I send it to your house?'

'O, I believe not; I like it pretty well, but I can't afford to give so much for a dish.'

'Well, marm, here is one of the same pattern which we will sell for less. It is just as good as the other in every respect except this crack which you see does not extend across within an inch; only boil it well in milk and it will last an age. We don't like to sell our ware below cost but as it is a little damaged and we hope to have more custom from you, we will put it at the low price of four and six.'

Jemima was one of those rare ladies who never ask abatements, and hardly knowing whether pity for the trader's sacrifice or joy at her good bargain most predominated in her breast she told Mr. Pipeclay to send it home at two.

Dinner was prepared that day as usual and

Jemima might have been seen, as she was seated, measuring with her eye the large oval space the dish was destined to occupy before her; and the suppressed smile that occasionally played at the corner of her mouth showed that something would shine by and by.

Scarcely had Simon dropped for a moment in the rocking chair and set his tooth pick in motion, before a rap was made at the door, and Jemima presented with her choice ware. The suppressed smile now burst forth as she exhibited her economical purchase. 'Here Simon, isn't this an excellent article for four and six? this will hold the whole goose, deary.'

'The—whole—goose—dear—eh!' repeated Simon slowly, as he turned over the dish to inspect it—'why Jemima, it is almost cracked in two!'

'O no matter for that, Mr. Pipeclay says it can be boiled in milk and made as sound as it ever was.'

As thanksgiving day was approaching, and some of the Oldschool family were expected at dinner on that day—immediate preparations were made for repairing the dish. The trouble was now to find a suitable thing to boil it in. The dinner pot was too small at the mouth and nothing could be found large enough but the washboiler; in this it sat admirably.

'Well Jemima how much water does it take to fill the boiler as high as this?' pointing to the extreme point of the crack.

'Why, about a bucket and half.'

'Four gallons of milk in thanksgiving time! Unfortunate season indeed for such an undertaking!' Pumpkin pies had monopolized all that the cows in the neighborhood could produce till the eventful day.'

As nothing could be done with it, Jemima rather sorrowfully placed it in a conspicuous part of the closet with the defect out of sight as much as possible, until some future day when they might keep a cow and mend it more economically.

Rather ashamed of her speculation Jemima said nothing of a new dish, and the Oldschool family were amply served from the smaller one. Many curious and wondering eyes were that day cast by the visitors upon the unused blue dish on the closet shelf.—And Simon smiled as Jemima bit her lip when the memento of her rare speculation met her eye.

Simon in all his wisdom and economy, however, was not infallible. The tedious mode of roasting geese, which had been practised in the Oldschool family from the days of the pilgrims, was to suspend them by a wire before the fire—not-unfrequently leaving it a matter of doubt whether the cook or the goose had the greatest scorching. Simon in the plenitude of his affection was de-

termined to save his beloved from such a fate whenever he could make a suitable provision economically.

One day passing where a red flag had drawn a concourse of people together, he found, among a lot of second hand furniture, the very article he wanted. After waiting two hours, the Auctioneer approached the spot where Simon had patiently stationed himself for the purpose of securing the prize.

The bids began at five cents, and after close bidding for a few minutes it was knocked off, and the clerk directed to put down 'one second hand tin kitchen, little used, to Simon Oldschool—thirty-seven and a half cents—delivered.'

'This is the screen for Jemima,' thought Simon as he took it in his hand—'and a cheap one too.'

'Why Simon,' exclaimed his beloved, as he entered the door, 'what black, greasy thing have you got there—it is!'

'It is an economical purchase deary—only think, but two and three pence, spit and all.'

Jemima now began to scrape the lumps of dough and putty from the bottom of the tin kitchen, and exhibited to Simon a tolerable cullender. He contemplated his cheap purchase a few moments and then said in as good humored tone as he could assume—'Well, my dear, I guess we shall have to boil it with your cracked dish?'

The article was not comely enough to adorn the closet, but Jemima was careful to place it where it would meet her husband's eyes as often as the cracked dish should hers, hoping that the memento would not be less useful to him than the dish had been to her.

Now there are few newly married people who have not bought their cracked dishes, and old tin kitchens; it is not in these simple circumstances that the merit of the tale exists; but it is in the use to which such speculation can be applied. It is to the purchase of the dish and tin kitchen that much of the property of the Oldschool family is owing.

After their first speculations they learnt the important lesson, not to purchase any article of furniture, without consulting each other.

Sam Slop advertises goods below cost.—Jemima remembers the cracked dish, and is careful to go where men are willing to own that they sell on a living profit.

Simon, on his way to his place of business passes an auction mart—he looks straight ahead and hurries his step as he passes and thinks of his tin kitchen speculation; and when he is really in want of an article he goes to the regular dealer, buys a good article, pays a fair price, and has a noble consciousness that he is helping the trade.



When *Jemima* talked of buying a pretty *navarino* for several dollars—*Simon* only pointed to the closet shelf and her mind was made up at once.

At the time when the fever of land speculation was raging high, *Simon* was almost induced to submit to the solicitation of some of his neighbors to take a share in a township: the bargain he would not venture to make, however, without *Jemima's* knowledge and consent.

'You know best, *Simon*,' was her reply; 'but don't forget the tin kitchen.' This was enough, and the speculation company was made up without him.

Thus scarcely a day passes without some important or trivial matter being decided, by adverting to one of those valuable regulators.

It would do one good to go to their house and see how those standing monitors have preserved their rooms from the accumulation of useless furniture of all kinds—and the business of *Simon* from the inroads of all visionary speculations.

Year after year has passed away—and many has been the joyful Thanksgiving dinner the writer has taken in the Oldschool family—dozens of dishes have been broken and passed to oblivion—cooking apparatus has been burnt and replenished time and again—yet as often as the day has returned, the newly scoured old tin kitchen has been hung upon its nail and the cracked dish has held its wonted conspicuous location; yet unboiled, unused and unbroken. To every newly married couple we would say—preserve, as the most valuable and important mementos, in whatever shape they may have fallen to your lot, the first *Old Tin Kitchen and Cracked dish*.

### True and False Kindness.

'*Sister Catharine*,' said *Alice W.* as she entered her sister's chamber. 'I remember you said the other day, you should not wear your stout calf-skin shoes again. Will you let me give them to a poor little girl at the door. She looks thin and pale, and must be cold this morning without shoes.' Do not speak to me now, *Alice*, I do not know where the shoes are and cannot look for them.' 'Can you not find the shoes now and read the book another time,' said *Alice*, as she stood beside her sister's chair;—but as she looked up in her face, she saw her thoughts and feelings were far from the child of want, and that it would be in vain to say more to her. 'I don't love to tell her so,' thought *Alice*, as she closed her door. 'yet what can I do?' At this moment she thought of a little treasure she had been collecting. A pile of bright shining silver pieces, amounting in all to a dollar and a half. Her resolution was soon formed, and tying on her bon-

net, she took the little girl by the hand, and led her to a shoe store at the corner of the street, and selecting a strong well made pair, she placed them in the hands of the little girl.—A smile lit the pale countenance of the child, and her heartfelt, 'thank you *Miss W.*' resounded again and again in *Alice's* ears as she retraced her steps to her home.

The 'beautiful tale' was finished before *Catharine* rose from her chair, and she then seated herself at her writing table and placed a fair gilt-edged sheet before her. Upon this she wrote, in a fine graceful hand, a few lines, enclosing within the paper a costly ring, and directed it to a wealthy young friend, whose acquaintance she was desirous of cultivating.

The afflicted mother of the little girl was yet engaged in her daily toils, although the sun had almost set, as her child entered the room. 'Oh mother, mother!' she exclaimed, 'see what *Miss W.* has given me; now I shall not be sick so often, and can go out when it rains. Are they not beautiful shoes?' A tear fell upon the cheek of the mother as she saw the gift; raising her eyes, she thanked her heavenly father, and prayed for blessings to descend on her who had been so kind to them. The next morning as *Alice*, from her window saw the little girl pass proud and happy, she felt a deep shrill of joy in her heart.

*Catharine's* gift was received by her young friend from the hands of a servant. She read the note with cold indifference and then looked for a moment upon the ring. 'It is rather a pretty one,' said she, and placing it upon an already profusely jeweled finger, the giver and the gift were alike forgotten.—*Reg. Magazine.*

**ANECDOTE.**—A worthy old clergyman of our acquaintance, one of the old school of which few relics now remain, used to tell the following with much glee. There was in his parish, one *C.* by trade a carpenter, who had acquired much credit for ingenuity and no less for shrewdness and wit. *C.* was one day hewing some timber, when the clergyman accosted him—'Mr. *C.* you have become famous for ingenuity; you have made almost every thing else, pray can you make me a devil?' 'Very eathy, Mr. *F.* replied the other, scanning the parson carelessly and raising his axe 'jeth put your foot on thith stick—you want the leath alterin' of any man I know of.'

'My dear *Murphy*,' said an Irishman to his companion, 'why did you betray the secret I told you?' It is betraying you call it? Sure when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself didn't I do well to tell it to somebody that could?'

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1838.

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.**—For the information of those of our readers who reside at a distance, we give a brief notice of the most destructive fire that ever visited this city; to name the occupants and owners of buildings would be beyond our limits:—

The fire commenced about five o'clock, P. M. on Tuesday the 7th inst. and is supposed to have been occasioned by a spark from the chimney of the Steam-boat Congress, which stopped to take in tow a Barge lying at the dock. It was first communicated to the old storehouse of Samuel Plumb, which was almost instantly in a blaze, and the wind blowing strong from the north-west, the devastating element spread with unexampled rapidity, in spite of every exertion to arrest its progress, until it had destroyed from sixty to seventy dwelling houses and stores, and other buildings—a vast amount of furniture and merchandize, and thrown more than one hundred families into the streets without a shelter. The whole square, bounded by Water, Front, Fleet, and Ferry-streets, is entirely consumed; also, the whole square surrounded by Front, Second, Partition and Cross-streets, with the exception of three houses. Also, the square surrounded by Ferry, Front and Still-streets and the South Bay. Also, all the buildings lying between Cross-street and the Bay, together with the Lumber Yards of Wm. Hudson and R. Reed. The loss sustained cannot fall much short of \$150,000, and the insurance will not exceed \$50,000.

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

A. B. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. Saugatuck, Mich. \$1.00; H. H. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; J. McK. Livingston, N. Y. \$3.32; A. S. L. Manchester, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. Grand Rapids, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Peekskill, N. Y. \$2.00; M. E. C. Aurelius, N. Y. \$1.00; S. M. Esperance, N. Y. \$2.00; J. H. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Friendship, N. Y. \$1.00; F. A. N. Erieville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Akron, O. \$5.00; L. A. T. South Hartford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Eaton, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Warwick, Ma. \$5.00; P. M. Broad Brook, Ct. \$3.00; N. C. Claverack, N. Y. \$2.00; G. W. S. North Adams, Ms. \$1.00; R. C. Madrid, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Sennett, N. Y. \$5.00; B. F. Davenport, N. Y. \$0.90; R. R. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. S. Greenwood, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. Maiden Bridge, \$1.00; C. K. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. Jamesville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Alden, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Collins, N. Y. \$5.00; W. B. Henderson, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gorham, N. Y. \$2.00; E. B. Tully, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. McLean, N. Y. \$2.00; A. W. Vernon, Ct. \$1.00; M. T. Williams-town, Ms. \$3.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$15.00; P. M. Stafford, N. Y. \$10.00; M. C. Cincinnati, O. \$3.00; P. M. Cambridge, Vt. \$10.00; L. S. J. Norwich, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. E. Erieville, N. Y. \$1.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, George McDougal, Esq. Merchant, to Miss Ann Jane Caldwell, both of this city.

At Nassau, Rensselaer Co. on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Erastus Cook, Esq. of Ashutaba, Ohio, to Miss Catharine Carshore, of North Chatham, Col. Co. daughter of the late Andrew Mansfield Carshore, of Claverack.

In Gallatin, on the 11th inst. by Adam Hoysradt Esq. Mr. Henry Killmore of Gallatin, to Miss Betsey Hoofman of Red Hook.

### DIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening the 2d inst. Mrs. Angelica Gilbert, consort of Ezekiel Gilbert, Esq. in the 73d year of her age.

On Sunday morning the 6th inst. Caroline Matilda, daughter of James Nash, aged 16 months.

On the 14th inst. Robert, son of John and Jane Chard, in his 2d year.

At North Chatham, Col. Co. on the 25th ult. Mrs. Maria Carshore, wife of James M. Carshore, aged 36 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 17th ult. Miss Sally R. Row, daughter of James and Elizabeth Row, aged 17 years.

At Genesee, Livingston Co. on the 17th ult. Peter Snyder, aged 67 years, formerly of this city.

In Claverack on the 25th ult. Mr. Henry Jacobia, in the 46th year of his age.

At Claverack, on Saturday the 21st of July, Mr. Peter Stalker, a Patriot of '76, aged 84 years.



## SELECT POETRY.

From the United States Magazine.

**The Contrast.**

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE mother sat beside her fire,  
Well trimmed it was and bright—  
While loudly moaned the forest-pines,  
Amid that wintry night.

She heard them not—those wind-swept pines—  
For o'er a scroll she hung,  
That bore her husband's voice of love,  
As when that love was young.

And thrice her son beside her knee,  
Besought her favoring eye,  
And thrice her lisping daughter spoke,  
Before she made reply.

'O, little daughter many a kiss  
Lurks in this treasured line—  
And boy—a father's counsels fond,  
And tender prayers are thine.

Thou hast his proud and arching brow,  
Thou hast his eye of flame—  
And be the purpose of thy soul,  
Thy sunward course the same.

Then as she drew them to her arms,  
Down her fair cheek would glide  
A tear that shone like diamond spark,  
The tear of love and pride.

She took her infant from its rest,  
And laid it on her knee,  
'Thou ne'er hast seen thy sire,' she said,  
'But he'll be proud of thee.

Yes—he'll be proud of thee, my dove,  
The lily of our line!

I know what eye of blue he loves,  
And such an eye is thine.'

'Where is my father gone mamma?  
Why does he stay so long?'  
'He's far away in Congress-Hall,  
Amid the noble throng.

He's in the lofty Congress Hall,  
To swell the high debate,  
And help to frame those righteous laws  
That make our land so great.

But ere the earliest violets bloom,  
You in his arms shall be;  
So go to rest my children dear,  
And pray for him and me.'

The snow-flakes reared their drifted mound,  
They buried nature deep,  
Yet nought within that peaceful home  
Stirred the soft down of sleep.

For lightly like an angel's dream,  
The trace of slumber fell,  
Where innocent and holy love  
Entwined their guardian spell.

Another eve—another scroll—  
Wot ye what words it said?  
Two words—two fearful words it bore—  
The duel!—and the dead!  
The duel!—and the dead!—how dark  
Was that young mother's eye,

How fearful her protracted swoon—  
How wild her piercing cry!  
There's many a wife whose bosom's lord  
Is in his prime laid low—  
Engulfed beneath the watery main,  
While bitter tempests blow—  
Or crushed amid the battle-field,  
Where crimson rivers flow,  
Yet knew they not the deadly pang  
That dregs her cup of wo,

Who lies so powerless on her couch,  
Transfixed by sorrow's sting!  
Her infant in its nurse's arms  
Like a forgotten thing?

A dark haired boy is at her side,  
He lifts his eagle eye,  
'Mother—they say my father's dead,  
How did my father die?'  
Again—the spear-point in her breast!  
Again—that shriek of pain!  
Child!—thou hast riven thy mother's soul,  
Speak not those words again.

'Speak not those words again my son!  
What boots the fruitless care?  
They're written whereso'er she turns,  
On ocean earth or air.

They're seared upon her shrinking heart,  
That bursts beneath its doom,  
The duel!—and the dead!—they haunt  
The threshold of her tomb.

So, through her brief and weary years  
That broken heart she bore,  
And on her pale and drooping brow,  
The smile sat never more.

**The Capuchin's Death.**

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

There is in Professor Longfellow's 'Outre Mer' an affecting incident beautifully told—of the death of a young Irishman who had come to Italy to study at the Jesuit's College in Rome, and had taken the orders of a Capuchin friar. While dying he knew of his situation, but would not give up the hope of reaching his own home before his decease. 'He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that this consolation would be denied him; that Death would thwart even these fond anticipation. I shall soon be well enough said he—'

Oh I shall soon be well! I shall not die  
Beneath the glories of this melting sky—  
These soft rich hues that bathe the classic land  
Of Italy; these gales that are so bland,  
So balmy and so cool, upon my grave  
Shall not at vesper's chiming rest and wave;  
Tell me not I am dying—for I feel  
New pulses throb, new life-blood calmly steal,  
Now gentle slumber presses these sad eyes,  
And soon in strength thou wilt behold me rise;  
But a few days will pass and I shall be  
Upon my home return, dear friend with thee;  
With thee I'll leave each hoary Appennine,  
Cross the high Alps and sail down the Rhine,  
Pass England's vales where joy and plenty smile,  
And greet thy shores, my own bright Emerald Isle!  
Then, mother! sisters! your soft hands shall stray  
O'er my flushed cheeks and cool the heat away;  
And when the death-seal stamps this marble brow  
Mark with what truth I keep my holy vow—  
My vow to Heaven to live entouched by love,  
Save that of earthly saint for saints above—  
The love our Saviour knew—could he have died  
Nor in his anguish to his mother cried?

He ceased and leaned his forehead to the air,  
That came from flowery beds to visit there  
The sick man's couch—the twilight shadows fell  
In deeper lines—I breathed my hushed farewell;  
Yet, going turned once more that face to view,  
Once more to see that cheek's carnation hue.  
His eyes were closed—a smile of beauty slept  
On his thin lips—I knelt me down and wept;  
When silent I arose; he had not stirred,  
But quiet lay, until an evening bird,  
Hidden among the leaves of some near tree,  
Poured sudden forth a flood of melody.  
'I know that strain,' he cried—'I know that strain;  
Sing me to sleep, sweet sister, sing again!'  
He sank to sleep—to sleep to dream that he  
Had crossed the billows of the far wide sea—  
That by his mother's cottage door he stood,  
And gazed on each familiar stream and wood.  
Alas! 'twas all in dreams; few evenings passed  
Ere the self-exiled stranger breathed his last;  
And that young heart was free as air to roam  
Not to its earthly but its heavenly home!

**The Mother.**

Oh! if there be linked with the gloom of existence,  
One feeling that deepens the darkness it wears,  
'Tis a fond mother's fear, that foresees in the distance,  
Her infant sent forth to the world and its snares.  
Shall that face, a sweet well spring of smiles, soon be  
saddened  
Those weak trembling hands be uplifted to sin?  
Shall the heart which scarce heaves on her bosom  
be maddened  
By pain from without, or by passion within?  
In that hour, when her form is forgotten who bore  
him,  
And the arm that first clasped him lies cold in the  
grave,  
Her spirit may hover in tenderness o'er him  
And see him alas! but not warn him nor save!  
Is there none, then, to care for the desolate stranger  
Who goes, all unheeding, unarmed, on his way,  
No Spirit of might to walk near him in danger,  
And scatter the fiends that would make him their  
prey?  
Oh, yes! there is One, and beside Him no other!  
The Redeemer, the Ruler, whose throne is on high!  
From the glories of heaven He beholds the sad  
mother,  
Mid the songs of the angels, He catches thy sigh.  
Go take thy sweet babe, and to Jesus confide him,  
He has dwelt in our flesh, he can feel for our fears!  
Take this lamb to the Shepherd, who safely shall  
guide him,  
Through the desert of perils, the valley of tears!

**Notice.**

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